

Joseph Bourabah

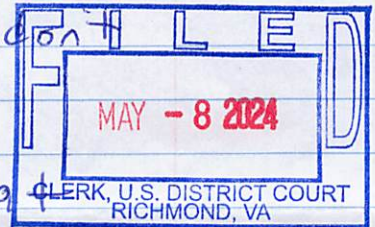
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To the Honorable Judge Gibney,

Young

I am once again writing you because you're the only person I can ask for help. As I don't fully trust Mr. Gantous.



Things have gotten very bad for me at Western Tidewater Jail. Where I was housed it became a hotspot for drug trafficking, and became very violent.

I started getting racially harassed, than sexually harassed. I wrote many complaints and filed grievances. The officers refused to get involved and told me that they cannot control what the inmates say and do.

Then things got worse, on April 16th a fellow inmate and my friend went to change the channel on the TV and got kicked off the bunk and attacked. As they were attacking him they were yelling racial slurs at me and telling me I was next. As one of the officers ran in they asked me what was going on. As I was explaining it to her, the same inmate ran behind me, sucker punched me, and started attacking me from behind.



The Officers had to rush me to the Hospital, where I had to get stitches, x-rays, cat scans, and shots.

When I finally returned to the Jail, I told SGT. Hardy that I did not want to return to the same pod, but needed steady phone use to keep in touch with my Parents who are both very ill. He assured me that I would be provided a cell-a-phone and due to jail protocol, I would be housed alone because of my open wounds and injuries.

After waiting in booking for nearly four hours Officer Adams came with only some of my property, missing my blanket, hygiene, and food, and told me that he wasn't going to follow jail procedures and would be putting me in a detox cell with another inmate.

When we arrived at the Cell, the inmate I was to be housed with was laying on the floor sick. He advised us that due to Jail protocol he could not be housed with another inmate, as he was going through Chemotherapy, Dialysis, and was puking his guts out and probably had Covid.



I told Mr. Adam; that I could not be housed with this inmate and that it broke jail procedure. He forced me into the cell anyways.

The next morning the Nurse came and informed the inmate that he did in fact have Covid, that we would be going on lockdown, and my Friday court date was now in question. I asked to be moved again as I did not want to catch covid, and was refused.

I still haven't been able to use the phone, they refuse to provide me with a blanket and keep the jail at 52 degrees. My shirt and shoes are ripped and they will not give me another.

Your Honor, all of these issues combined with my mental health conditions are making me think bad thoughts.

I cannot afford to miss my court date and spend two more months in here. My mother is my world and the thought of not being able to talk to her is killing me.



Your Honor, I am begging you to contact the Marshals and report to them what is going on here. I need to be moved to another facility pending sentencing. Maybe even Northern Neck Regional closer to your Honorable Richmond Courthouse.

You're my only hope, I'm afraid to even eat the food here because I have a diet tray and the inmate who assaulted me works in the kitchen and would tamper with my food. I fear for my life and my mental state.

Thank you for taking the time to read this your Honor.

Sincerely,

- Joseph Boucaban